

My Sweet Secret

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Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Reader
Additional Tags:	Dream Is Reader's Brother , Sapnap Is Dream's Best Friend , Sapnap And Reader Fuck , AFAB reader - Freeform , But I use They/Them Pronouns , Because My Nonbinary Ass Is Projecting , No use of y/n , because ew , Vaginal Sex , Vaginal Fingering , Oral Sex , Squirting , Like... A Lot Of Squirting , soft dom sapnap , Like The DNF Is VERY Background , blink and you miss it - Freeform , Multiple Orgasms , Couch Sex , Aftercare , Literally Just 3.5k words of porn , degradation , Praise , Dream Is Pretty Pissed , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot
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My Sweet Secret

by [SlutForS8n](#)

Summary

“You know, they probably won’t be back for a few hours.”

It was teasing, slow and very much an offer.

One that I was struggling to think through before letting this man that I'd only properly met half an hour ago fuck me on my brother's disgustingly expensive couch.

OR

Sapnap finally moves in with Dream and why the fuck is he so hot?

Notes

Beta read by blackberry, obviously. Their [ao3](#) and their [Tiktok](#)

Obviously this is not about dream's actual siblings because that would be disgusting and

invasive. It's a very common and very popular fanfiction trope. If I get a single comment about dream's siblings I will fucking scream and delete this fucking book Jesus Christ.

Anyways, hope you like it! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

I never really understood why people found Dream's friends attractive. I'd met George and yeah, okay, he was objectively and conventionally attractive, but he was just too soft for my taste. Then there was Bad who, despite the dangerous weapons he owned bringing him up in the hotness scale, the lack of swearing just wasn't really my thing. Sam... Yeah, Sam was hot, but it was more in a *'I want to admire you from afar'* and not, *'Holy shit you're fine as hell.'*

But then I met Sapnap.

And holy fucking shit, he was fine as hell.

I'd heard his voice over calls when I'd burst into Dream's house unannounced after driving the short twenty minute journey in the car that I'd forced him to help me buy and, after checking he wasn't streaming, burst into the room and announce that I was staying.

Granted, my method of announcement had resulted in some awkward encounters before, but Dream had finally learnt to lock his door after that.

("Why the fuck are you jacking off at 11:30am?!" I screamed, after retreating to the living room.

"Because I live here?! And it's my house?! And I wasn't expecting fucking visitors?!"

"Lock your bedroom door, you fucking weirdo. Goddamn.")

I would steal Dream's headphones and chat to the two boys, him rolling his eyes and laughing as I told them about dumb things Dream had said or done recently, the pair's loud laughs making my ears ring as I poked fun at my brother.

"Fuck off. You're literally the worst sibling. I told you that story in confidence," he groaned as I

explained to Sapnap how Dream had once gotten high and climbed in through my window at 4am from the balcony he'd locked himself on, "Mom should have fucking aborted you."

"And yet, she didn't. Nineteen years and still going strong."

"Maybe it's not too late."

It made me laugh so hard I fell over, pulling the headphones from where they were plugged in and letting Sapnap's smooth laugh bounce off the walls of my brother's room.

But I'd never *seen* him.

Then one day I burst through the door and *that was not Dream*.

The brunette, led across the cream coloured couch clad in nothing but a pair of loose fitting basketball shorts, looked over at me and his eyebrows raised.

"Are you an intruder?"

"I mean... no? Are you?"

His eyebrows raised as he heard me speak, turning his head more so he could look me up and down.

"Nah. Don't you recognise my voice, princess? Spent so long chatting shit about your brother to me and George that I'd have thought you'd remembered me," he fake-pouted, the beer in his hand being brought up to his lips before his arm fell back to hanging off the couch with the bottle in hand.

"Wait, holy shit," my eyes widened as I stared at him, the smirk on his lips unwavering as I looked him up and down, "There's no way you're Sapnap."

"The one and only, baby."

Why the fuck was he so hot? He played minecraft for a living, there was no need for him to look that good. His hair was messy and just slightly overgrown as the strands fell into his eyes, the scruffy, yet somehow well trimmed, beard framed his face in a way that made me want to drool.

“I thought you’d look like a fuckin incel or some shit. Like, all weird and sweaty, like you spend all your time scrolling through Reddit and eating cheese whiz.”

That pulled a laugh from between Sappnap’s lips and his head fell back, giving me the chance to let my eyes roam his body because fucking hell, it was good.

His basketball shorts were riding low on his hips and one hand was resting on his abdomen, and I could see his love handles paired with his soft skin. It was making me worked up to the point of genuinely having to turn away because if I didn’t I was gonna end up jumping my brother’s best friend’s bones in my brother’s living room because right now, carpet burn on my knees was sounding really fucking appealing.

I shuffled over to the other couch, dropping down onto the cushions as I continued looking at Sappnap, our eyes locked as he just continued drinking his beer with a smirk.

“Where’s Dream?”

“Out with his boy toy,” Sappnap laughed as I just nodded. I knew he was talking about George. I’d heard enough about their overly flirty friendship after I had to explain that ‘wanting to cuddle’ didn’t require an immediate sexuality crisis and yearning to hug your close friend, even if he was a stupidly pretty British brunette, did not make him gay.

I let him look over my body again as he pulled his bottom lip between his teeth.

“You know, they probably won’t be back for a few hours.”

It was teasing, slow and very much an offer.

One that I was struggling to think through before letting this man that I’d only properly met half an hour ago fuck me on my brother’s disgustingly expensive couch.

On the one hand I could agree, because god knows I fucking wanted to. I could let this wildly attractive guy rail me in the living room of a house I could never afford and lay in the afterglow till the front door swung open and we had to hightail it up to Sapnap's room before sneaking me out without Dream noticing.

Or I could say no which, let's face it, was not gonna happen.

"Gives us plenty of alone time, huh?" I whispered, letting one of my legs fall from the couch as the heel of my foot dragged against the carpet, "what do you wanna do?"

Sapnap's eyes trailed up my right leg, following the seam of my leggings until his gaze stilled between my legs, trailing up slightly further to stop at the small expanse of flesh that was now exposed from where the shirt beneath my unzipped hoodie had ridden up.

"Want me to be honest?" He asked, his eyes flicking up to meet my own before moving back to their previous position.

"Yes."

"I wanna fuck you."

I knew, obviously I knew, but hearing him say it was just so much *more*. He wanted to fuck me and I was absolutely going to let him.

"How bad?"

"Real fuckin bad," he breathed, the hand on his stomach trailing down slightly to play with the waistband of his shorts.

I hummed softly, pulling myself up from the sofa to drop myself into his lap while he still led down on the couch, taking the beer from his hand and knocking it back fairly quickly. I felt both his hands move to grip my hips, letting the empty glass bottle roll from my hand onto the carpet with a dull thud as I leaned forwards, our faces only centimeters apart as his eyes flicked down to my lips.

I could feel his breath ghosting over my face and he smelt like mint and beer and citrus. It was soft and I wanted to drown in it.

“Your brother is gonna fucking kill me for this,” Sapnap whispered, one of his hands moving to help me tug off my hoodie before resting back onto my hips with our noses brushing.

“Not if he doesn't find out,” I muttered back, grinding myself down into his lap to draw huff from him as he reached up to cup my cheek, caressing it softly with his thumb before he pushed forwards.

Fucking *finally* .

He tasted like soft warmth and bitter beer and it was addictive, pulling me in as his hand moved from my face to my hair, tugging it backwards harshly to pull a surprised moan from me and began kissing at my neck.

“Mark me, please. Want bruises so bad,” I huffed as my fingers dug into his shoulders to find an outlet for just how much I was feeling.

“What if Dream sees?”

“Don't care. Don't talk about my brother when we're about to have sex,” I muttered, one of my hands moving to lock into the roots of his hair and push him against my skin.

He chuckled and bit down harshly, my eyes rolling back as I felt the sparks of pain morph into pleasure and curl around my spine. The hand that wasn't occupied by my hair moved under the back of my shirt, trailing up to fiddle with the latch on my bra, “Can I unhook it?”

“Yeah, fuck, please.” I moaned, gripping his hair as he pushed forwards, essentially flipping our positions so I was underneath him. He fiddled with the clasp for a few moments before he got it and I felt it come loose.

I tugged off my shirt and pulled my bra off with it and he just stared.

“What?” I muttered, crossing my arms across my chest as I suddenly felt a little self conscious.

“You're just... Fuck. So pretty baby.”

I felt myself flush before moving back to wrap my arms around his neck.

“You gonna actually touch my tits or just stare at them till you cum in your pants?”

He laughed and moved forwards to let his breath fan over my nipple before taking it into his mouth, his hands moving down, one resting on my thigh to hold it open and the other using his thumb to begin rubbing me through my leggings and I let out a surprised huff.

“That feel good?” He asked, as he pulled away lightly, his breath against my now saliva coated nipple was otherworldly.

“So good. How the fuck are you so good at this, holy shit,” I groaned as I let my head drop back and moved my hands to his hair once again to tug his to my neck to continue leaving marks.

“You really wanna know?”

“Yes, fuck.”

“It's because I play games for a living.”

I huffed out a laugh as his words, grinding down as his thumb moved faster and my hips jolted harshly, “Fuck, yeah ‘m sorry for bullying you for being a gamer. I- *oh, fuck*, I take it all back. You can play whatever you want if it means you’ll do this to me with your fingers.”

“Mmm. You like my fingers baby?” He whispered into my skin as he bit down on my pressure point and somehow sped up his thumb.

“So good, I wanna cum please,” I begged and my hands dropped to his shoulders and my nails dug in, leaving red crescents in their wake.

“Come on then, baby, cum just from me rubbing on your clit. Cum in your pants for me, baby,” he smirked and I felt it building. I had to tell him because otherwise this was not gonna end well.

“I can’t, *fuck*, I can’t cum with- *oh my fuck* -without making a mess I don’t-“ I couldn’t even speak but Sapnap seemed to catch on because his eyebrows raised and I felt his cock twitch from where it was pressed to my thigh.

“You gonna squirt for me, baby?” He asked, groaning as I nodded violently and my hips rolled, that heavy feeling in my gut twisting as I felt myself get closer and closer every second, his thumb moving at just the right pace as I moaned loudly, my hips lifting from the couch as I felt myself explode, mostly contained due to the leggings I had on but still definitely making a wet patch underneath me on the couch.

Sapnap moaned as his thumb slowed, making me whine.

“Please don’t stop, oh my *god*. Fuck, I can cum more than once and I need it so *fucking bad!*” I begged, letting myself melt as he spread back up.

“Can I eat you out?” He asked, his eyes locked on the dark patch in my pants with a look that made my gut clench, “Please.”

“Fuck, *please* . Oh my god.”

I felt him pull his hand back and it drew a whine from my throat. The upset was short lived however, as he began to tug down my leggings, dragging my underwear off with them before dropping down till he was face-level with my pussy. His fingers pushed in first, curling upwards into my spot as he moved to press his tongue flat against my clit, his eyes wide as he listened to the noises that escaped my lips.

It was *good* .

No, not good. His fingers were *good*, his mouth, *his tongue*, was fucking euphoric.

It curled just right, pressing into all the spots I wanted it to and making my back arch as he moaned, sending vibrations to my clit and making me pull his hair in an attempt to make him go faster.

“More, please. Fuck, Sap, *please!* ” I begged, “Faster!”

And he listened, the two fingers inside me curling faster and his tongue circling in just the right way to make it fucking *perfect*, and my hips were jolting up from the bed again.

“Sap, again. Close.”

“You gonna squirt again?” He asked as he ground down onto the couch and flicked his tongue faster.

“Yes, *fuck!* ”

“Go ahead baby,” he murmured against me, and I did.

The way my back arched was a sight to behold and I felt myself let go, my thighs squeezing around his head as I came. It was, somehow, more than last time as I felt it tear through me.

As I finished I looked down and saw Sapnap just staring at me with glistening lips and backsplashes of what I presumed was the result of my earth-shattering orgasm splashed onto his cheeks. He didn't, however, look in the slightest bit upset.

“Wanna fuck you,” he muttered, “I know you've already came twice but I really wanna fuck you.”

“Yeah, okay. That's... Yeah please.”

Sapnap moved to get up before I tugged him back down with a whine, “Where are you going?”

“To get a condom.”

“You clean?” I asked, my voice breathy as I ground down onto his thigh from where I was still led underneath him. .

“Like, STD’s?” He asked and I nodded, “Yeah, I get checked regularly.”

“I got the implant and I’m clean too. You can cum inside me just fuck, *please* hurry up Sapnap, I need it,” I begged, the other groaning loudly as he sat up, tugging off his basketball shorts only to see he was wearing no underwear. That shouldn’t have been hot but holy fuck, it was.

He was *big* and it made me drool. If I wasn’t about to get fucked I’d absolutely beg him to fuck my throat.

“Want you to squirt on my cock,” he muttered as he pushed one of my legs up to my chest and positioned himself with his head against my entrance, “You gonna do it? Squirt on my cock like a good slut?”

It made he gasp and wiggle my hips, desperately asking him to just hurry up and fuck me, “ *Yes*, fuck, I will. I promise just *please* .”

He chuckled lightly before pushing in.

It was slow but holy fuck I could feel the stretch inside me so well and he was hitting all the right spots.

It wasn’t immediate but when the pace hocked up it was enough to render me fucking speechless, unable to spit out anything that wasn’t a moan or some kind of noise which sounded vaguely like “*Sapnap!*”

“You’re so fucking tight, holy shit,” Sapnap grunted as he thrust harshly, the sound of his hips hitting my ass ringing through the living room of the far too expensive house had my gut twisting in a way that made me feel so fucking good. It was deliciously rough, harsh hands gripped my hips and even harsher words were spat at me and I drank it up, “Such a slut for me. Moan so pretty.”

“Yes,” I moaned as I felt him thrust harder, his cock twitched as his voice broke and his moan pitched up, “You close?”

“Yeah,” he whispered as he leaned down to kiss me. It was soft and a direct contrast to the way he was fucking railing me, my ass hurt from the way his hips were hitting it on every thrust and I could feel the ache in my leg from where it was pressed to my chest by his hand, “Wanna cum.”

“Just, fuck, just a little longer. Wanna squirt on your cock. Please.”

And so he held off as I felt it building in my gut, him only having to thrust a few more times before I was letting go and he moaned and came with me. He felt it rush around his cock, the way it sprayed against his stomach and down onto the sofa as he finished inside me, filling me with his cum and, for some reason, it satiated something inside of me that I didn't know I wanted. I was covered in him.

His dry saliva coating my chest, the hickeys littering my neck and the dark handprints pressed into my hips was evidence enough, but I was coated on the inside too, his cum mixing with my own as he fucked us through both of our orgasms.

My chest heaved as he pulled out slowly, watching my open legs as his cum began leaking from between them before he dragged the mess back up and pushed his fingers back inside. I whined at the action and felt myself push down on the fingers. *This was so fucking good.*

Sapnap laughed at my response as he slowly got up and moved to the kitchen, picking up a cloth, running it under warm water and grabbing a glass of water for himself and a glass for me before moving back to clean me up.

He threw the cloth into the washer on his way to put the glasses in the kitchen and flopped down onto the couch next to me, draping a blanket over us which I assume he picked up from the clean pile by the washer.

It was easy, his arms wrapping around me as I slotted my head into the crook of his neck and let him trace patterns on my skin.

“Do you think I could take you out tomorrow? Like on an actual date? I’d feel bad if I just made you a one night stand.”

“Glad you clarified on a date because I assumed you meant with a sniper,” I mumbled, my half hearted attempt at a joke pulling a snort from him as he smiled fondly, pulling me so that I was lead half on his chest and half on the giant couch, “Yes, Sapnap. I would very much like it if you took me out on a date.” I smiled and pulled back to look at him, “But Dream’s gonna be so pissed off at you for fucking me.”

“I think he’s gonna be more pissed off that we did it on his expensive ass couch,” Sapnap replied and my eyes widened, “If I’d known you were a squirter I would have at least taken you to my bed.”

“Oh god,” I laughed as I dropped my head onto his shoulder, “Shotgun, not paying for that cleaning bill.”

“Why do I have to pay for it?! You're the one that squirted all over the couch!”

“Because you were the one that made me squirt on the couch,” I stated matter-of-factly. He smiled and rolled his eyes before relaxing down under the blanket and kissing me softly.

Everything was silent for a moment, wallowing in the afterglow of incredible sex and new possibilities before we heard the front door open along with two voices.

Me and Sapnap’s eyes met, both pairs wide and subtle panic was evident.

“Oh, Sap, you didn't tell me we had visitors. Also, how many times have I told you to stop kicking off your shoes in the hallway when you burst in unannounced. Dickhead.”

I heard George’s laugh in the background as Sapnap and I struggled to figure out what to do.

“The couch is fucked,” he whispered and I sighed in agreement, “I think we just endure the awkwardness.”

I nodded and closed my eyes tightly as I heard the door to the living room open.

“Sap wh-” he cut himself off.

“Hey dude.”

“Hello there, brother dearest.” I smile sheepishly.

“What the fuck?!”

End Notes

Leave me kudos and comments and I'll kiss you on the forehead and maybe write a second chapter.

Mwah

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!